

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

DECEMBER 28, 1936

**THE FRAME-UP
MAY FAIL**

John Chester

**THE RISING
PHILOSOPHY
OF LABOR**

Harry Steinmetz

WHAT DO I WANT?

Mollie Prager

**WASHINGTON
TEACHERS POINT
THE WAY**

Cole Stevens

**OKLAHOMA
MOVES IN**

Ethel Turner



\$3 A YEAR

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VOLUME V

NUMBER 23

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Made up by Union Labor

NOTES AND COMMENT

NEWSPAPERS OF THE WEEK . . . The eyes and ears of the world have been on foreign politics these last weeks . . . and not a day but brings its realignments of friendships and policies . . . traditional policies are having to make way for the rising forces of the newer order . . . England has weathered her "constitutional crisis" with usual English sangfroid and is at liberty to turn her eyes to more important matters . . . Anthony Eden has told the Belgians that they just can't get out of their friendship-with-England role, Great Britain will come to Belgium's aid if she is attacked and that's all there is to it. Here tradition does play a role, the borders of Holland and Belgium have always been considered England's Eastern frontier . . . Germany, blustering and threatening, increasing armaments and looking with ever more envious eyes at the growing Soviet Union, had to free von Ossietzky and now Lawrence Simpson to placate American and world feeling . . . Germans are getting guns instead of butter and speeches instead of bread and you can't keep a people happy on that interminably. German troops are sent to Spain to fight with mercenaries and savages to cut down civilians in beleaguered Madrid . . . to replace Moors who cannot stand the Spanish winter . . . And Madrid holds out most heroically so that even those in America who favored the rebels and pointed to the Alcazar defense with pride have now, in the silence of the night, to question their own consciences.

Spanish rebel ships sank the Russian ship Komsomol and thereby, if maritime law means anything, became pirate ships in the legal meaning of that term. England again will have

to choose between holding to maritime law and aiding the Spanish fascists . . . England and France quietly recognize Ethiopia thus supporting fascism. Italy must have made some promises regarding British interests in Africa!

NEGOTIATIONS between the shipowners and the maritime unions have progressed to the point of tentative agreement on main points at issue so far as the "Sailors" and "Marine Firemen" are concerned. The news led to headlines hinting at early settlement, causing Harry Bridges, recently returned from New York, to issue a public statement warning against current optimism: he pointed out that no headway has been made on the very vital demands of the Masters, Mates and Pilots and Marine Cooks and Stewards, and the shipowners have not even considered final negotiations with the I. L. A. In the meanwhile, the Joint Strike Committee is continuing its very effective publicity campaign, putting on a series of radio speeches and dramatic sketches, most of which have been prepared and played by members of the Newspaper Guild, Western Writers Congress, and the New Theatre League Council. A drive for funds is under way. Christmas gifts should be sent to the Joint Strike Relief Committee, Maritime Recreation Center, Clay Street, San Francisco.

WORKERS in Salinas have complained to the federal government that they are being blacklisted by employers, and not only in Salinas; as far afield as Imperial Valley and Arizona. They charge that this is a conspiracy in restraint of trade. Employers counter that labor is NOT a commodity (really!) and that therefore such action does not come within the province of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Lettuce packers in Salinas say that the hiring hall set up since the strike hires certain workers, and then has to tell them sorry, but certain employers are being threatened with stoppage of credit and supplies if they hire such and such a worker. One might say that the Salinas Growers are pressing their advantage, and one might add that some employers do not know when it is wise or tactical not to do so. We often wonder what employers think goes on in the heart and mind of a man who sees his livelihood taken from him, his wife and children left to starve, because he has been honest, straightforward, loyal, and courageous. Capitalist ethics.

THE Western Writers Congress is going right ahead with successful organization. Regional committees have been set up in San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Los Gatos, and others are in process of being organized. The Writers Bureaux are getting under way, the Los Angeles Committee having already started on a project to get out a handbook on publicity methods. The Labor Research Association of New York writes to say that they have material which would fit in the Western Writers' Black Network. Anyone wanting information can get it at Room 214, 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

IT IS HAPPENING—IN BRAZIL

JAMES WATERMAN WISE and Isabel Walker Soule November 18 returned from Brazil, where they had gone to investigate charges that civil liberties were being abrogated. Mrs. Soule had worried whether they would be permitted to enter Brazil. Mr. Wise was concerned more with getting out alive.

Returning, the delegation reported that all accusations are truthful. Rio de Janeiro is hushed in a tense quiet, soldiers everywhere, the streets heavily policed. Of the leading Brazilian educators, followers in the large of John Dewey, one is in hiding, the rest are in jail. Everyone for that matter is in jail, trade-union leaders, liberals, a Senator, Deputies, Socialists, Communists, held incommunicado, denied attorney, beaten and tortured.

One gets the impression, having listened to Mr. Wise and Mrs. Soule, the picture of terror that has gripped Brazil is not to be communicated by word of mouth. Brazil is in the process of Fascism, gripped by fear and the merciless hand of President-by-revolution, Dictator Getulio Vargas.

"We found a country in which the vast majority of people were living in substarvation conditions," reports Mr. Wise. "There is ruthless warfare on every demand of the Brazilian people to live as human beings, to organize as workers."

The United States of Brazil, for so was it named, extends for three and a half million miles, is composed of twenty states and has a population of about forty-seven million, of whom more than thirty million are native-born. Discovered in 1500 by a Portuguese navigator, Cabral, it was developed as a Portuguese colony, was in turn a kingdom (1815) ruled by John VI of Portugal after he fled Europe before Napoleon's army, a Constitutional Empire (1822) independent of Portugal and ruled by Don Pedro, son of John VI, after the King's return to Portugal, and finally a republic after a revolution in 1899.

In October, 1930, Dr. Getulio Vargas (Liberal) conducted a successful revolution overthrowing the government of President de Sousa (Conservative) and President-elect Dr. Julio Prestes who had defeated de Sousa in the popular elections. Vargas became Provisional President. In July, 1934, he was elected President by a Constituent Assembly meeting in Rio de Janeiro.

Brazil's Constitution is modeled largely on the United States Constitution. Congress consists of a Senate of 63 members chosen by direct vote for nine years (Senator Abel Chermont is in a Brazilian jail for criticizing the Vargas government) and a Chamber of Deputies elected by direct vote for 3 years (five members of the Chamber of Deputies, arrested with Abel Chermont 8 months ago, have not yet been tried).

Today, Brazil, with no foreign enemy at its gates, has been in a "state of war" for almost a year. Thousands of political prisoners including scientists, professors, lawyers, doctors, and engineers, as well as workers and peasants have been held incommunicado since last March in Brazilian jails and detention camps. Mention has already been made of Senator Abel Chermont and five members of the Chambers of Deputies arrested for rising in the Congressional session and requesting an investigation of the violation of civil liberties. Special tribunals appointed by Vargas are being set up to try those arrested.

Brazil is in the process of Fascism; not yet openly Fascist, it possesses many characteristics of the Fascist state.

In July, 1935, Vargas outlawed the United Confederation

of Brazilian Trade Unions which was established by a Trade Union Conference in 1935. The Trade Union Conference, representing 400,000 trade-union members, endorsed the National Liberation Alliance which demanded an 8-hour day (a Constitutional provision never put into effect), minimum wage legislation, old age pensions, and unemployment insurance. In November, 1935, a popular uprising was provoked in order to enable Vargas to establish his "state of war." Today the only working-class and trade-union leaders who aren't being paid by the government are either dead or in jail.

Arthur Ewert, it is known, is on a hunger-strike. A former Communist member of the German Reichstag, Ewert fled with his wife, Elsie, after the establishment of the Hitler dictatorship. The Ewerts were arrested in December, 1935, and thrown into prison. Elsie Ewert has already been returned to Germany by the Brazilian government. With Mrs. Ewert went Olga Benario Prestes, wife of Luiz Carlos Prestes. Mrs. Prestes, a German, was arrested in May, charged with the crime of being in her husband's company. Pregnant when arrested, she was deported within a few days after giving birth to her child, whom she has never seen and whose whereabouts are not known. Mrs. Prestes and Mrs. Ewert were tortured by the Gestapo on their arrival in Germany and are now in a Nazi prison.

What one may ask is the attitude of the United States government to this growing menace to peace in the Western Hemisphere? In March, Victor Allan Baron, a young American citizen, was tortured to death by Brazilian police. The State Department accepted a story of "suicide," despite the incontrovertible evidence that Baron had been murdered and then thrown from the window of his cell. Last month, the United States Consul in Paris denied Mrs. Leocadiz Prestes, mother of Luiz Carlos Prestes, a visa to enter the United States in a plea to the American people to win her son's freedom and save his life.

A Fascist regime in Brazil will seriously affect the welfare of the entire hemisphere. Events in Europe have proven that war and aggression are Fascism's bedfellows. It will prove no different in the Americas.

ABNER GREEN

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PEACE ON EARTH

NINETEEN years ago in the blood and muck of German trenches, and in trenches precisely like them save that they were filled by men of other nations, Christmas was celebrated. The soldiers of Christian nations, at war, "observed" the birthday of their Man of Peace. Observing the day sentimentally, with a far more realistic vigilance they observed the activities of the enemy. There was always the chance, and both sides knew it, that a General on one side or the other might fail to restrain himself from taking advantage of the truly splendid military opportunity offered by the other fellow's sentimental weakness!

There is no need further to labor the point that Christmas in 1917 was a self-contradiction, a mockery of its own meanings, a pathetic fallacy. The point for us in December of 1936 is no less obvious, nor do we even need to spend the season in Spanish trenches to understand it. "Peace" and "Good Will," the ideals of this time of the year, are if anything further from us than they were from the soldiers of 1917. As for the point of this article: it is simply this—the facts presented below are submitted on the conviction that every one of us must be aware of such facts if he is to maintain that constant vigilance more necessary than the watchfulness of 1917 which alone can stave off attack by an enemy who cares nothing for our "sentimentalities." The common enemies of peace, and of every civilized ideal today, the foes who treat those ideals as mere weaknesses, are war and the warmongers. For our own good, this Christmastide, let us look at the latest activities of the warmongers. They appear as follows in reports by PACIFIC WEEKLY's various press services for December.

LONDON, ENGLAND—

"All of Lloyd's war risk insurance policies will be abolished henceforth, it was announced here by the company a few days ago . . . This action, taken by a conference of Lloyd's underwriters, is taken to mean that this most famous of insurance firms considers the European situation so unstable that it cannot afford to offer odds against war. The ban on war insurance is understood to include insurance on buildings and other immovable possessions which are ordinarily insurable against war risks in the United Kingdom."

LONDON, ENGLAND—

"The report of the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture and Trading in Arms has come and gone, and except for a polite doubt expressed by one or another of the members of the commission, the arms manufacturers of Britain have

nothing to fear from its conclusions and recommendations, a summary of which follows:

"The establishment of a universal system of state monopoly of the manufacture of arms is likely to be impracticable and in present conditions the promotion of general state monopoly should not be a part of the policy of this country.

"The abolition of the private industry in the United Kingdom . . . is undesirable. No sufficient case has in our opinion been made out for taking so drastic a step. We believe that the reasons for maintaining the private industry outweigh those for its abolition . . .

"We are of the opinion that the problems involved in formulating plans for the conscription of industry in war-time will have to be faced, and should be faced without delay."

BERLIN, GERMANY—

"The allotment of colonial territory is the expedient solution of existing difficulties," says Hjalmar Schacht, Minister of Economics. But General Werner von Fritsch goes him one better, when at the launching of the new battleship Gneisenau he cries:

"Proclaim at foreign shores the might and esteem of the Third Reich. Prepare in careful peacetime work for the day of destiny—which we do not long for but which will find us ready—the day when the Fuehrer and supreme commander of the armed forces calls you so that you may do like the hero who continues to live in spirit in your commander and crew."

TOKYO, JAPAN—

"The Japanese budget, recently announced for the fiscal year 1937-1938 calls for total expenditures of \$866,685,000, an increase of \$227,430,000 over last year's budget, with more than half of the new sum being allotted to the army and navy."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—

"Virtual dictatorship by the President is involved in the new industrial mobilization plan prepared for recommendation to Congress by the War Department . . . According to the plan, it would create 'soldiers of industry' in the employ of the nation and subject to War Department regulations and discipline as soldiers in the field.

"The War Department will propose a labor draft," said Secretary of War Harry T. Woodring.

"War Department divisions would supervise the operation of the industrial mobilization plan. Its authors visualize such divisions as 'war resources', 'war labor', 'war trade', and 'war finance', each directed by administrators, a price control commission and an advisory defense council, all named by the President."

We could, if there were space enough, continue this record almost indefinitely.

The nations of Europe and ourselves in this "peace-loving democracy" have ushered in the Christmas season with a martial show replete with armament racing, pious hymns to the virtues of private munitions industries, with champagne-drinking—by battleships—and with the clink of dollars raining into army and navy coffers. Christmas will be ushered out in the same fashion.

This is the war mongers' way. What shall be our observance of the birth of Christ, now and next year?

ERNEST ALBEE



THE FRAME-UP MAY FAIL

JOHN CHESTER

DISTRICT Attorney Earl Warren of Alameda county couldn't keep it secret very long that his "murder" case against four members of the Marine Firemen's Union is framed.

To the tune of front-page stories in Bay Region newspapers, the defense introduced evidence last week that a shipowner-prosecution plot was responsible for the charges against Earl King, head of the union, Ernest G. Ramsay, Frank J. Conner and George Wallace. The witness who testified as to the plot was H. M. Mann, third mate of the steamship *Katrina Luckenbach* until the strike. On October 19, he said, Roscoe C. Slade, second assistant engineer of the vessel, told of having been approached by "high financial interests—San Francisco shipowners" and offered suitable remuneration for a bit of perjury.

Slade, previous to Mann's appearance on the stand, had testified as to the death of Chief Engineer George W. Alberts of the Swayne and Hoyt freighter *Point Lobos* aboard the ship last March 22.

Here is what Mann said (in summary):

"Slade came to me and wanted to borrow a gun I had. I asked why. He answered that his life was in danger—that he was to be a key witness in the ship murder frameup trial and had been threatened.

"In his cabin and in mine, we talked at various times throughout the rest of that day. He said that he had made a trip by plane into Texas from New Orleans in August, and had been on straight pay ever since, the Alameda county district attorney's office and Swayne and Hoyt sharing the expense.

"He told me the San Francisco shipowners (not necessarily identified as Swayne and Hoyt) had offered him a long-term engineering contract in South America—some country from which he could not be extradited—if he would testify to certain things that weren't true.

"He was to identify two men he says went down the gangplank of the *Point Lobos* at about the time of the murder. He told me he really didn't know the identity of the two men he claims to have seen. The shipowners showed him pictures of the men he was to point out.

"I asked him if he thought the defendants were guilty, and he said he didn't think so. He said the case was a frameup. 'I'm a key witness in the ship murder frameup'—those were his exact words."

Slade, during his testimony, had not identified either of the two men he said he saw leave the ship. But he said once that he was able to identify at least one of them. And as he said it he looked directly at George Wallace and nodded his head. Just why he wasn't asked to make the identification isn't clear, of course. (Wallace was identified by two other witnesses as one of the pair.)

To corroborate Mann's sensational testimony, the defense introduced a letter Slade wrote to Mann on October 24 from Berkeley, where he was hiding under the district attorney's skirts. The letter asked Mann to "Say nothing to no one and burn this letter . . . do not let anyone no that you heard from me."

Mann gave a vivid description of Slade's indecision.

"He said he was going to have to testify, and regardless of the outcome he would be in bad with somebody. If he testified

as the shipowners wanted him to do, he'd be in bad with the unions; if he told the truth and testified for the defendants, he'd be in bad with the employers and might be blacklisted.

"He didn't tell me what he was going to do . . . On the morning of October 20, he came into my room and said someone had sent a car for him and he was going to San Francisco. He appeared to be more concerned about himself than about the defendants. He gave me the impression he was worried about which side his bread was buttered on."

Before Mann electrified the crowded courtroom with his testimony, Albert M. Murphy, one-time assistant secretary and treasurer of the Firemen, was on the stand to damn his former union brothers.

His contribution to the frameup was the statement that he gave Ramsay \$30 "for an expedition across the bay" the day before the murder, and that he helped Wallace, a "fugitive," try to escape. It was Murphy's job to establish the legal fact of a conspiracy before the murder, since otherwise the charges would have to be dismissed.

Mr. Murphy, expelled by his union for his share in this new Mooney case, was a sad failure.

In the first place, he declared Ramsay came to him the day after the murder saying "I'm hot," and returned about \$10 of the money Murphy had mentioned. The witness then said positively that he recorded the transaction under "patrolmen's expenses" in the union books.

That was when the handle broke. George R. Andersen, King's attorney and in charge of the defense, brought into court the books—all the entries in Murphy's handwriting. Andersen sweetly asked Murphy to point out the incriminating item.

Mr. Murphy was caught. He pored over the pages for more than nine minutes, then suddenly said: "It isn't there." Andersen then made him show from his own figures that the expenses of all patrolmen for weeks before and weeks after the murder varied no more than from \$6.50 to \$7.50 per week; that these expenses were \$7 in the week during which the entry would have been made; that Ramsay's expenses that week were precisely \$3; that Ramsay's expenses were at least \$3 every week.

That fixed that.

Mr. Murphy at first insisted a supposed beating given him by police the night he was arrested, August 27, was genuine. In fact, Mr. Murphy was positive that the beating was on the up-and-up.

But he suddenly announced in court one day that he wanted to change his testimony, then calmly told the jury he had provoked the assault by police deliberately "to make my arrest look good." The fact that Andersen hinted of evidence to prove the beating was phony may have had something to do with the admission.

Yet I must say that acquittal of King, Ramsay, Conner and Wallace—or any of them—is far from certain. You see, there are six men and six women in that jury the youngest of whom is at least 45, and whose average age must be over 50 at least; six men and six women who were selected because they had never been members of labor unions and hence know little or nothing of labor frameups.

These people, to whom Tom Mooney is probably no more than a name, will not be able to believe that a handsome man

like the district attorney, a man of his reputation, could stoop so low as to suborn perjury. Never in all their lives, probably, have they met head on the rock-crusher employers use; they will not be able to believe that such a thing exists.

Mark you, the prosecution's evidence is shaky; this frameup

is not perfect. Prosecution witnesses have contradicted each other—indeed, they have all but cleared King, Ramsay and Conner completely. There is, in short, a good chance of acquittal. But if these jurors acquit, it will be because they believe the evidence is framed.

WASHINGTON TEACHERS POINT THE WAY

COLE STEVENS

"THOSE who can, do; those who can't, teach." This tradition is still held by many people, and unfortunately it is true of some teachers. But the history of the progressive education movement in the state of Washington has gone a long way to disprove it in the past few years. Tired of the restriction imposed by conservative politics upon their methods of education and on their private lives, a few hundred liberal teachers finally revolted and joined locals of the American Federation of Teachers. This far-seeing minority rapidly relearned how to use their rights as active citizens. They won their first major victory in the November election, when the Democrats of Washington elected a union member to the important office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Rank-and-file educators are now in a position to use their training and intelligence to modernize and liberalize education in the state, and therefore to influence policies in general.

Although Washington is generally known as a progressive, or even radical state, in the field of education it has lagged far behind such states as Wisconsin and Minnesota. The state Department of Public Instruction has been under the wing of the most conservative Republicans; it was so much a matter of tradition that no Democrat even filed against the Republican incumbent, Noah Showalter, in 1932. Had anyone thought to do so, his election would have been assured without campaigning in the landslide of that year. Showalter entrenched himself further during his last term against the show-down that was sure to come. His political machine, consisting of the whole educational apparatus of the state, became the Republican lobby against all progressive measures, not merely those concerned with education. When a liberal bill was being considered, the legislators often found themselves deluged with telegrams and letters from school boards and teachers' organizations throughout the state, sometimes without the teachers even knowing of it. When the adult education program of the W. P. A. was inaugurated, Showalter held it up for several months in the hope of gaining complete hegemony over it. The cry of "save our schools!" raised by Showalter was made the excuse for passing a 2 per cent sales tax, which is still in effect.

Tenure was always precarious, especially in the small cities, and towns, where bankers and business men almost invariably were elected to control the school boards. Even in Seattle, when teachers formed a union several years ago, the school proceeded to put a yellow-dog clause in the contracts of all teachers, and one teacher named Satterthwaite was dismissed for his refusal to sign away his civil right of union membership. Only a year ago another teacher, Andrew Ellwick, was dismissed for speaking his mind freely, as editor of the Seattle

high school teachers' publication, on the Red Cross and other subjects. He was re-hired on probation only when he consented to apologize publicly on fifteen counts. The liberal teachers have tried to change this unhappy situation by electing liberals to the school board, but the annual propaganda of the reactionaries has defeated all good candidates except one, James A. Duncan of the auto mechanics' union. Time after time his vote has been the only liberal one on such questions as the use of the school buildings by the American League against War and Fascism.

The institutions of higher learning have been little better off. The presidency of the University has become known as a political football ever since former Republican Governor Hartley fired able Henry Suzzalo because of a personal grudge, ten years ago. Suzzalo had worked for the eight-hour day during the war, and Hartley was a lumber operator. Suzzalo went on to the Carnegie foundation, and two local nonentities succeeded him. In 1932 the state went Democratic, and conservative Governor Clarence D. Martin, a flour-mill owner, of course changed the board of regents to repay political debts. The new board, headed by "liberal" Louis Schwellenbach, now a U. S. Senator, picked a new president, Lee Paul Sieg. They found him, of all places, at the University of Pittsburgh, where as a Dean he had figured in the firing of Ralph Turner for his pro-labor sympathies. The amount of social understanding possessed by this former physicist was shown in his inaugural address. He said, "I maintain that since your elders are not at all clear as to the devious ways in these matters, [meaning radical theories], you students cannot hope to know much more than the alphabet." He has consistently stood with the reactionaries against all liberal teachers and against free student discussion. He has banned the annual peace strike each year on the campus, and since pro-labor Mayor Dore spoke to the Young Democratic Club on the campus during the recent campaign, all outside speakers have been prohibited as far as student groups are concerned.

Washington State College at Pullman is no better off. Its President E. O. Holland has held office for about twenty years, but probably only because he was a reactionary autocrat and a successful lobbyist for funds at the legislature. He prides himself on learning the names of most of his students and speaking to them on the campus, but when a live group of students wanted to start a student forum two years ago he replied about as follows: "It is a splendid idea, and I am all for it, but on these conditions. You may have a forum as long as you do not discuss politics, economics, religion or war." One student who was the prexy's houseboy, Stephen Christopher, was scheduled to speak on "Is War Patriotic?" at the Spokane socialist hall. When Holland heard of it he called

long distance to threaten that he would withhold his recommendation of the boy for a teaching job if he persisted in speaking. Holland's idea of liberalism is to allow men and women to swim in the outdoor pool at the same time once each year—usually on the Fourth of July.

The high point of ridiculousness in Holland's career came last May, when students at W.S.C. struck almost unanimously against administration "blue laws." They demanded 11 o'clock closing hours, abolition of compulsory class attendance, and revision and publication of the rules arbitrarily enforced by Holland through the deans' offices. They asked the abolition of such "suggestive" rules as: women must not wear red dresses; when two or more women were lounging on the lawn, at least one shall sit upright; there shall be at least two couples on all outings, with chaperones if more than three couples; and no couple shall take more than one blanket along on a picnic. After a 24-hour strike, the frantic president and a unanimous faculty acceded to the students' demands. Holland made Dean of Women Annie Fertig the scapegoat, giving her an indefinite "leave of absence," although it is commonly known on the campus that the president was responsible for the whole situation. He indulged his spite further by refusing to recommend several engineering students who had participated in the strike for jobs that summer. One of the leaders, Bob Yothers of Wenatchee, needed a few more credits for graduation, and returned to finish in the summer quarter. He was summoned to the president's office and told that he was too late to register, although students were getting in at that time by paying late registration fees.

The faculty at W. S. C. is as badly off as the students. Doctors of Philosophy are teaching for as little as \$1800 a year. Several liberal instructors have been quietly dismissed. The most recent case occurred last June, when Dr. Samuel Steward, an English instructor who was very popular with his students, was dismissed. He had a temporary appointment, but was assured by his dean that it would be continued, since another instructor was leaving for graduate work at North Carolina at the end of the year. During the year he wrote a rather satirical novel, "Angels on the Bough," which was well reviewed in national publications. When it came out in May, he was told that there had been a complaint to the administration, and had the book removed from display in the Pullman bookstore. But on the afternoon of commencement day, when there was little chance of getting another job in the Fall, he was summoned to the president's office and told that his contract would not be renewed. The reasons given by Holland when he was pressed were two—the novel, and alleged encouragement to the student strike, although Steward maintained that he had counselled them not to strike. Steward is now at Ohio State, and the American Association of University Professors is making a post-mortem.

The W. S. C. faculty is so entrapped in the provinciality of the college administration and of the town of Pullman that they have made no overt organizational move; but in the more cosmopolitan University of Washington, at Seattle, some forty liberals formed a local of the American Federation of Teachers in the Spring of 1935. According to a recent publication of this union which was widely distributed, the University local has more than doubled in size, and has several accomplishments to its credit. On the campus, it used its influence to get passed by the Instructors' Association a strong set of recommendations regarding standardization and increase of salaries, teaching load and promotions, and the establishment of tenure and retirement provisions. It forced the

clarification of two arbitrary rulings regarding tenure of teaching fellows and married women teachers, probably saving two teachers' jobs as a result. It participated actively in the city and state labor bodies, effectively assisting the progressive labor movement. On two occasions it received the help of the Seattle Labor Council in academic matters: a labor council committee exerted enough pressure on the School Board to cause the rehiring of a woman teacher at Broadway Night School, whose course of study had been abolished when a "patriotic" spy reported that she was critical of the United States government; and when President Charles Fisher of Bellingham Normal School was under fire from reactionary organizations for inviting such speakers as Norman Thomas, and a Protestant, Jew and Catholic who were speaking from the same platform to talk on the campus, a telegram from the Seattle labor council was followed by no action being taken at the hurried meeting of the school's regents called by the Governor in Olympia.

The professors' local also brought new encouragement to the old local of the Seattle high school teachers, which had existed underground for several years since the yellow-dog contract incident mentioned above, kept alive by a handful of loyal unionists. The growth of this local was helped by the joining of some twenty-five WPA teachers, and further stimulated by the obvious weakness of such organizations as the Washington Educational Association, sponsored largely by Showalter, and the Association of Classroom Teachers, newly-organized coalition of Seattle association of teachers. These "company unions," independent of the labor movement, were futile from a progressive point of view, and their liberal members are gradually coming into the unions. Sometime before, a strong local had been formed in Bremerton, where a majority of teachers had joined; and the Seattle locals sponsored unions in Tacoma and Everett, with others now in process of formation. These locals exerted pressure that obtained the continuance of the WPA teaching program, and helped the Newspaper Guild in its successful strike against the Seattle Post-Intelligencer by financial and picketing assistance.

This minority of teachers who were unionized saw chances of real achievement in the political field. For this purpose, and to extend their organization, they formed the State Council of Teachers, composed of five Puget Sound locals, last July. This delegate body, which hopes to become the State Federation of Teachers soon, looked around for a candidate for state superintendent's job. They chose Stanley F. Atwood, one of the union members who had stuck by the high school teachers' local through thick and thin. He was a teacher of history at West Seattle High School, and had not been under fire before in previous campaigns as had some of



the others. He had a fine record as County Superintendent, principal and teacher in several parts of the state. The teachers' locals got him the endorsement of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, which was the biggest factor in his success in the primaries.

Atwood campaigned on the program of the teachers' council, which included:

The teaching of more social science, and especially co-operation, in the schools; furtherance of adult education, and the free use of the school buildings by responsible groups of the community; uniform and adequate retirement for all teachers in the public schools and institutions of higher learning; a bill guaranteeing security of tenure after a year of probation, with provisions for open hearings for any teacher demanding one; a regents' bill to remove the University from politics by requiring the inclusion of a labor representative, a farmer, a woman and two teachers on the board (to break the customary control by bankers, corporation lawyers and lumbermen), and requiring the appointment of only one regent each year; a bill to put the higher institutions on a basis of millage taxation, to remove the lump sum appropriation football from the legislature; and finally, the revision of the taxation system to substitute high income taxes and a revaluation program on real estate for the sales tax on consumers.

The unions obtained the endorsement of the W. C. F. and of the State Federation of Labor for this program, and then set out to elect Atwood. With his opposition split three ways, he was easily nominated in the primaries.

The final campaign was a dirty one. The Republican incumbent Showalter used all his forces, including the above mentioned "company unions" and even the Parent-Teachers' Associations to scare the public. Teachers were practically forced through the W. E. A. to contribute financially. Sample ballots were distributed asking supporters of the Democratic candidate for governor to split their ticket and vote for Showalter. "Schools Safe with Showalter! If you want Politics Kept Out of the Schools and the Schools Kept Out of Politics vote for Showalter" proclaimed pamphlets left on every doorstep. In a Spokane speech, Showalter cried that Atwood was supported by the Communists, and that if he were re-elected he would support President Sieg of the University in cleaning out the "Red Professors" on the campus—implying a direct attack on the union there. Atwood had little money with which to fight back and popularize his slogan, which was that of the American Federation of Teachers, "Democracy in Education and Education for Democracy." But the Democratic voters were used to red-baiting and unfair tactics from the presidential campaign on down, and they elected Atwood by more than 30,000 majority.

And so the progressive teachers at last have a hand in the control of education. Atwood's appointments thus far announced prove definitely that liberal teaching and the extension of the social sciences will be encouraged from now on, and the formation of teachers' unions will certainly not be discouraged. His staff will include such men as Satterthwaite, Ellwick and Thorsett, three high school teachers and old union members who have been discriminated against and criticized by the Seattle School Board without losing their convictions; John L. King, young sociologist, and Coburn Allen, former University comptroller who resigned last year when his job became intolerable under the Sieg administration. Meanwhile, Atwood is spending his spare time in the interim before he takes office in January as chairman of the Seattle branch of the North American Committee for Spanish Democracy.

The prospects for the teachers' legislative program are very good. With the support of S. Anley Atwood's office, the block of 30 W. C. F. legislators, the organized labor lobby and probably the Grange lobby, the passage of at least part of

the unions' program seems almost assured. Best of all, however, is the effect of Atwood's success on public opinion. The unions gained greatly in prestige; teachers are no longer afraid to join. After the election returns were in, even the reactionary *Seattle Times* printed a very complimentary biography of the new superintendent. Washington teachers see four years of educational progress ahead, and they mean to guarantee further advances by extending the unionization of the teaching profession.

OKLAHOMA MOVES IN

I saw, on the same platform,
This Salinas striker, this young woman,
("Happy"—from Oklahoma) out of the packing sheds,
And a Filipino worker
Speaking for his countrymen
In the lettuce fields . . .

I heard them say, one to the other:
"Our fight is your fight.
We know it. But we know how workers can be misled.
We know what can happen to divide the ranks."

She told us plenty, this "Happy" . . .
Who, fresh from her home state, had been plunged into war.
She learned it all:
Lockout—beatings—tear-gas—jail—
Leaders who didn't lead . . .
It has turned her to flame!

Oklahoma,
Arkansas,
All the dust-crop states—moving in . . .
Moving over our level fields between high hills,
Moving to plant cotton,
To harvest yellow grain,
Spreading over green acreage,
Bending your backs in truck gardens,
Lifting your arms in orchards . . .
Cutting, packing . . .
Canning, shipping . . .
Migrating from camp to camp,
Building your little homes . . .
Stand shoulder with your brothers
White or brown!
You're all on the same side of the barbed wire fence!

Help us, who have a pride in our nativity
(Sons and daughters of pioneers, some of us),
Help us to challenge the insult, "Fascist State!"

You and your children will have a pride in this state.
Stand, like "Happy," with the Filipinos, with all races,
Tear down the barbed wire fence
And build a mighty wall of workers,
Oklahoma,
Arkansas,
Dust-croppers moving in . . .

ETHEL TURNER

WHAT DO I WANT?

MOLLIE PRAGER

"My God," she said, "can't you lift your feet? Is it asking too much of your royal behindness to shove over for a minute so I can clean this part of the rug?"

He put the booklet down, stared at her abstractedly, then grinned.

"I didn't know you had gotten over to this side."

"You didn't know—I suppose you don't even know I've been down on my knees for an hour and a half scrubbing this rug. That's what makes me sick about these strikes—you sit around all day warming your butt on the most comfortable chair in the house, but I've got more work than ever. Frying chops is a cinch, but making meals out of cabbage and beans takes twice as much fussin'."

"Wait—let me get this tune straight—it's a new one, isn't it? Yesterday the words to your song went—'why do you have to be on the picket line all day and every day?' Besides—all women don't stay home. Some of them were out yesterday. Henley's wife and Tommy's."

"Well, don't throw it up to me. They haven't any kids."

"Stella's expecting one in a couple of months."

"Then she's a bigger fool for taking chances."

She dipped her hand in the bucket, pulled out the brush and scrubbed the rug vigorously. She rubbed one spot several times and then wiped it with a dry rag. This done she moved, still on her knees, to another spot.

With his reading in one hand he watched her. "You're too particular, Marge. What did you have to undertake such a job for? You could have just swept it like you always do."

Brush in hand, she lifted her head sharply. She stared at him in a rage too great for words, splashed the brush violently into the pail, and jumped to her feet.

"Too particular! My God! He says I'm too particular! Listen, where do Buddy and Midge play? In a park? In a nice yard with a lawn and flowers? In a fancy nursery school? Yes they do! They play on the dirty streets and they play in this room. This rug was so dirty and full of dust it was just like poison to let them roll on it!"

"Aw, Marge, I was just kidding. What do you want—"

"What do I want? I'll tell you—" She darted over to him.

"What are you reading? Let me see—" she pulled the booklet out of his hands—"Imperialism"—that's swell. Do you know that has been in the house for three weeks and I haven't had a chance to even look at the first page?" She turned sharply to the table at his right. "And this paper—this magazine—this book—never get a chance to look at them. What do I want! Do you remember when the news was printed about the Lindbergh kid being found dead? I started to bawl. You got so sore you yelled your head off. 'What are you crying for?' you hollered, 'for Lindbergh's baby? Why don't you bawl for the miner's kids that are dying of hunger and cold? Do you know textile workers' children are starving?' Well, why don't you give me a chance to learn about them?"

"But listen—I—"

"No, you listen to me! I'm not kicking about the work. I don't expect to be hanky-pankied, what I'm hollering about is me grubbing on this floor on my hands and knees at your feet like the lowest servant girl—and you don't even know it! If I have to blast you with dynamite to get you to move your feet so I can scrub underneath them, how can I expect you to

know that while I was doing this you could have been doing some of the other work, so I'd have an hour, maybe, before the kids barged in from school to sit down and read something, learn something—what do I want—ah—!" She flopped down on her knees again and thrust her hand into the pail for the brush. "What's the use of talking to you? You know the world outside your house—you can fight on a picket line, get your head cracked and go to jail singing—but you don't know what's happening under your own nose. You're satisfied to have your wife around when you want to go to bed, satisfied to have her chime in a dumb ditto to her husband's bright remarks, but can't say a darn thing on her own hook. What do I want . . . ?"

She moved the bucket and the handle rattled noisily. She resumed scrubbing in silence. He watched her now without smiling. She was working half turned from him so that he saw the outline of her back, the curve of her hips. Her firm arms attacked the dirt with vigor and anger. She moved again and was directly in front of him. His eyes followed the line of her rounded arms that curved forward from straight shoulders. He could see her breasts lying full and snug in her dress. Her face was flushed, her eyes so stormy that their blueness held a flame. He thought she was as beautiful as any woman he had ever seen; as beautiful as the paper doll heroines one saw in the movies, but stronger, more alive. He saw her at that moment as the familiar figure of his wife, but as a stranger, almost, revealed in the truth of what she had said. For the first time during their married life the customary sight of her at work meant more than the performance of mere routine tasks. Like thumbing through a pack of animated cartoons he saw behind the figure of the real Margaret an endless string of other Margarets. Standing, sitting, moving, from early morning, through the whole day, long after he was finished with supper and—his guilt stabbed sharp as a knife—reading and resting, the never quiet figure of his wife flashed through his memory. Her longing to be something besides a slave to a mop, dirty water, and a bar of soap stirred in him a similar feeling and tenderness of a sort he had never

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known possessed him. He craved for power and strength to do something extraordinary and to do it at once—to change a drudge into a human being. His impotence to perform miracles brought burning misery and he couldn't bear to sit still any longer. He got up swiftly and knelt with her.

"Margaret," his voice was soft, but his thoughts found no easy utterance. "Margaret— Listen. What you say is true. But it's not all my fault. After this strike is settled, and I have more time, I'll try to help—I promise—but it's not easy—"

"I know—I know it's not all your fault, but—"

"Margaret, sometime—there won't be just one strike at a time—there will be a lot of strikes—together—then—you'll see—"

"Maybe. But in the meantime I'm not holding my breath. And don't forget what I said. Give me a chance, too. No one will think you're a sissy if you wash your kid's neck once in a while. The guys won't call you a she-man if they catch you massaging a dirty skillet. Now go away so I can finish."

But he didn't go away. Still on his knees he put his arms about her and tried to kiss her.

"No. Don't! Can't you see I've got my hands in the pail?"

He smiled. "Show me a law that says you can't take it out," and he drew her arm out and put it around his neck, and then held her closer to him until his tenderness and pity and rage found relief in their embrace. He kissed her until his deep urgency drew a response from her.

"Johnny," she whispered.

The room, with the carpet like a before and after advertisement, contrasted in light and dark, was very quiet. The gas

heater threw a blue, gold-tipped warmth into the room. It filtered through the soapy smell of the cleaning water. Once the stillness was pierced by a neighbor's call: "Ronn-eeee! Oh, Ronn-ne-eee!" And then the quiet and warmth melted together again like a screen.

Margaret was the first to speak. Her voice was no longer harsh. She spoke softly.

"Look at the pail waiting there." The pinkness of her cheeks were contrasting flags to the luminous blue eyes. She withdrew from his arms and smiled at him.

He said: "It can wait."

Still smiling she got up, but now her smile had an imp in it, and she laughed mischievously. "No. It can't wait any longer. That rug must be finished."

She walked leisurely to the chair which he had occupied and dropped into it adjusting herself with the utmost comfort. Then she picked up the pamphlet he had laid down and held it up so he could see it.

"I'm going to finish this" she opened the booklet and settled her elbows against the arms of the chair, "and you" she started to laugh again and pointed at the bucket, "can finish that."

For a moment he stared at her in sudden anger, a protest springing to his lips, then he, too, began to laugh.

"All right—it's war and you win." He pulled the pail toward him and reached for the brush. Grinning he shook it at her. "But if any of the fellows come in here and catch me doing this," he picked up the rag and wrung it sinisterly, "this for you!" Over their combined laughter he started to scrub.

THE RISING PHILOSOPHY OF LABOR

HARRY STEINMETZ

THIS tentative and approximate outline is based upon participation in the activities of organized labor; it must therefore be validated by the test of correspondence with events. It is only because the majority is not qualified to apply this test that I have the temerity to discuss labor's philosophy. I do this in two capacities, as former president of a labor council and as a teacher of philosophy; may ignorance of organized labor be charged to the teacher, and shortcomings in philosophy be attributed to the representative of labor.

Having traced the source of support of all public employees to the ultimate consumer and the ultimate producer—for taxes at present increase prices and depress wages—and finding in the present situation a wide need for loyalty to the mass, whose sovereignty is illusory, this statement is somewhat motivated by ethical considerations, i. e., it is partisan. No apology is offered, for it is the important postulate of this statement that philosophy is socially derived and may be defined as the broad formulation of the viewpoint and aspiration of a group.

Individual philosophy is poetry and the philosophy-of-the-whole of one generation is the curiosity of the next. Even the static philosophy of the hermit voices the conditioned interests of his kind. The standard textbook thesis and antithesis, the individual and society, are both unreal so far as the dynamic factors making for social change are concerned. A philosophy is valid then to the extent that it expresses the interests of an aggregation whose reality depends upon the

interaction and system binding it together.

Perhaps the majority have viewed philosophy as a "persistent attempt to rationalize life by systematic reflection." American labor is naively behavioristic and does not grant that life may be much rationalized by reflection save in the psychological sense of rationalization. Life becomes, it is not made, and yet we do grant to each formulation a sufficient influence to modify other formulations, so that in the synthesis of time new philosophies arise. Reflection does not however, improve upon the alternatives with which it deals; judgment is not productive of fact; rational activity may disclose means but seldom penetrates ends. The knowledge of necessity, which has been called freedom, is slight, rare, speculative, and enters into its own achievement. Applied to the social setting of a moment, it is not sophistry but fact that we may do as we desire but cannot determine the desire. The situation of the doing conditions the desire and sets very definite limits to the means.

Thus, while not denying purposes as a scientific phenomenon, a group phenomenon, for either objective or subjective purposivism, a philosophy of labor, being empirical, has little use. Certainly to confuse ends with casual factors in scholastic sophistry is incompatible with labor's philosophy of meaning straight line dimension of life and no philosophy of meaning can view it from either end.

And so it is with the other dichotomies in which idealisms indulge. Labor may be said to espouse a group viewpoint as an empirical synthesis between impossible extremes: between

pluralism, atomism, inductivism, and individualism, on the one hand, and monism, gestaltism, deductivism, and totalitarianism, on the other hand. These concepts have meaning not relative to their unknowable opposites but only relative to the degrees experienced in groupings.

One has no meaning alone and all is beyond comprehension. This is tautological, of course, for unity is infinity, by definition continuous and dense. Degrees are grasped through contrast even as sensation must be experienced through change. Only withdrawal from life and a despair of judgment can lead to a philosophy of monism or pluralism, or that qualitative solution of a quantitative problem known as dualism.

We find these concepts in the category of amount exemplified in social thinking by pure democracy, on the one hand, with its mechanical and contractual bonds between units, and by fascism, on the other hand, with its spurious organic analogies; vitiating both and tending to render distinction spurious, we find the growth of capitalistic dualism becoming increasingly clear. An interesting circumstance is that democracy is looked upon by many as a mechanical aggregation of completely separable wills, and fascism is viewed by its sponsors as an organic aggregation of mechanical parts, while disintegrative capitalist relationships are assumed necessary in each. To such extremes does the intellectual separation of politics from economics lead.

It is the tacit view of labor that the nature of the parts determines the whole and the organization of the whole modifies the parts. Insofar as the state is concerned, neither the whole nor the part exists in the abstract. Each deals in and is bound together by relations with the concrete. The underlying unity is material and as Marx put it, neither "legal relations nor the forms of the state can be understood by themselves nor explained by the so-called progress of the human mind, but they are rooted in the material relations of life."

In the drifts and jerks of property relations the functions of the state and the reality of aggregations within it have been clarified. Economic determinism is the most penetrating principle of group relationships, neglected mainly by those philosophers of the unoriented middle class among whom it is a tradition of poor taste to deal frankly with reality. The principle may make possible quantitative analysis for the economist, political scientist, and sociologist, who ostensibly aim to become scientific, and yet, in America at least, it is eschewed by them so long as possible. They attack it without investigation. Only among frank class philosophers, theoreticians of the banks and industrial unions, do we find awareness of material motive conditioning established relations between groups. Confused by a contradictory education and a subservient press, practicing pluralists, the school men busy themselves with infinite detail and fail to teach that the state is necessarily the instrument of the sovereign economic group or class.

Capitalism, based upon profit and interest, requires accelerating expansion and yet is progressively limited by its price system of distribution. The imminence of wider appreciation of this is indicated by the decline within three years (1931-34) of the liquid or negotiable wealth of the middle class—those of income under five thousand dollars a year—from 27 billion to 4 billion dollars. With curtailment of opportunity for expansion abroad, we find ourselves in a brief era of intensification of exploitation at home. There is no alternative other than war or pyramiding of indebtedness. They amount to much the same thing.

However, it is not the purpose of this essay either to document or to elaborate a theory, but simply to identify the rising philosophy of American labor. It suffices for you to recognize that it is, in my opinion, a revival of the views of Karl Marx. Whether these views have or can comprise an adequate philosophy is for you to decide, but you have an obligation to scholarship to decide the matter on the basis of better acquaintance than the academic texts and periodicals indicate.

On the shelves of the library in my college "Das Kapital" has stood for years unread, and my faculty colleagues are almost completely unacquainted with such modern Marxists as Strachey, Dutt, Hook, and Laski; only two subscribe to the Social Frontier. In recent anthologies of modern philosophy, there is hardly a testimony to the influence of Marx. It is characteristic to find in Spengler (as in effect in Pareto) the statement that together Marx and Darwin have subtly transformed the world outlook, and then to find no knowledge of the transformation, no philosophy that takes account of either. The names of Bernstein, Engels, Feuerbach, Kautsky, Pleckanov, Lenin as a philosopher, Adoratsky, and Bucharin are virtually unknown, and Dialectical Materialism is simply a name for a school of Russian philosophy. Such ignorance and indifference thoroughly supports the definition of philosophy as class rationalization with which this statement began.

With John Dewey, we believe "it shows a deplorable deadness of imagination to suppose that philosophy will indefinitely revolve within the scope of the problems and systems that two thousand years of European history have bequeathed to us . . . Years spent in wandering in a wilderness like that of the present is not a sad fate—unless one attempts to make himself believe that the wilderness is after all itself the promised land."

It is natural that from those for whom the present is a dark wilderness should come the demand for a new and more social philosophy. It is almost incomprehensible, however, that members of the disappearing middle class devoted to preparing youth for the future should be oblivious to the literature of revolt which is circulating among those whose surplus labor supports the middle class. The significance of this literature is clearly shown by the inspired suppression of it; that which received most vituperative condemnation is usually in the Marxist tradition. It does not suffice to argue, when liberties are abridged, that self-preservation is the first law of nature for states as well as individuals, for this gives the whole case away by identifying the state with that group or class which finds it most to its advantage to perpetuate an economic system. That men who have reputedly distinguished themselves by learning ability (educators) should set their faces against social adventure is one of the curious anomalies of a psychopathic age.

With intensification of exploitation and the progressive liquidation of the middle class, with the legalizing of economic sanctions against an increasing number and the regimented limitation of opportunity for the young, with the substitution of overt force for indirect collection from the disinherited mass, with the organization of social decay which is Fascism, then among those with sufficient vitality left for rationalization may come wide adoption of labor's international philosophy of Karl Marx.

(This is the substantial version of an address delivered at Stanford University at the pre-session conference of the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Pacific Division of American

Philosophical Association, December 26, 1935. Now a year later, the writer would change very little but admits, under the influence of remarks by Professors Stewart and Brown,

that the social world is a world of will rather than idea but insists that the rising voluntarism of our age is materially conditioned.)

A FOOTNOTE TO DARWIN

GEORGE ALBEE

THE Italian aviator who, swooping down in a plane carrying four machine guns, proves himself a manlier man than a fleeing shepherd armed with a spear; the Pennsylvania manufacturer who modestly cites heredity when asked why he receives a hundred thousand dollars a year and his workmen twenty a week; the fatalistic English diplomat who strokes his chin and decides to lay a bet on Japan because Japan is coming up and China is going down—all of these gentlemen who are so prominent in our time are acting upon a master hypothesis. They will tell you its name and they believe in it with all their hearts: the survival of the fittest.

It is inevitable, it is biologically right and just that the barbaric Ethiopians should crumple before an onrushing, victorious Italian tide. This is an age of hydro-electric plants and rolling-mills; there is no room in it for nomad tribesmen. It is eminently right that the men at the directors' table should draw more money from a factory than the men at the lathes. They have the capital, the brains, the executive ability; they are more fit for the civilization in which the factory operates or they would not be sitting where they are. (If a lathe-tender is as fit as they are he will one day climb up the ladder and sit with them.) It is right that Japan should exploit China. She has learnt her lesson and adapted herself to modern conditions and China has not. Japan is the fitter of the two. And so on—

A student, noting the many guises in which the survival of the fittest is brought forward as a pardon-all, is not to be blamed if he thinks he decries a rationalization. The chances are, however, that this is not a rationalization so much as it is a grave mis-reading of Darwin. Consider a simple example of natural selection. A colony of sea-urchins lives in a cove on the Labrador coast. Suddenly a current of icy water from the Arctic comes their way and half of them die. The urchins that survive are those able to stand the lower temperature. They are, we may say if we are cautious, "fit." But it is at this point precisely that our amateurs of Darwin fail to be cautious. Here they make a couple of assumptions not borne out by the observed facts. The first is, that the surviving sea-urchins are of generally better quality than the ones the cold killed; "fitter" in the county squire sense of the word—veritable hell-for-leather sea-urchins, able to down their quart of Scotch a day, win fortunes on the Exchange, send their sons to Yale, vote Republican and face life unafraid! The second—and it is muddled, because it is obscurely polarized by religion—is that the icy current is a beneficent visitation from God and that, together with subsequent visitations, it is incidental to an ascending spiral of progress.

Now neither of these assumptions has any basis in fact. The first, that adaption must invariably improve a species, generalizes from a particular. A species' general ability to survive is not necessarily increased when it learns to adapt itself to cold water. Under some circumstances it may have been decreased. The current may shortly reverse itself and flow warm, for instance, in which case the individuals which went

to the greatest length in adjusting themselves to cold will be the first to perish. Or, in protecting themselves against a lowered temperature, the urchins may have thickened their to such an extent as to find themselves hampered in securing their food. There remain an almost infinite number of possibilities against which an ability to resist cold will avail them not in the least, such as submarine volcanic eruptions, pressure, salt saturation and predatory enemies. Contrary wise, a species which directs all its energies to preying upon others may find itself mortally weakened when the cold comes along.

The second assumption, that a change in environment is good of itself, is absurd on its face. A cold current is no better inherently than a warm current. Instead of a cold one, indeed, the change may be to a current laden with sewage from nearby cities and crude oil from passing steamships. Then the urchins that survive are not better and nobler sea-urchins, but merely sea-urchins able to thrive in a bath of sewage and crude oil.

Yet these very arguments are advanced as "scientific" justifications of conduct. Mussolini takes Ethiopia because it is self-evident, he says, that a world of Fiat factories is better than a world of goat-herds. It is not self-evident. Distinctly, considered either was a way of life or as a mutation under the long view, it is not self-evident that the Fiat factory is the glorious end-product of our million-odd years of evolution. The aviator so bravely murdering shepherds from a safe altitude is not fitter man than they are; he is simply a fitter aviator. Before we can believe he is the better man, the man worthier of preservation, we must be assured that we shall never again know an age without airplanes and that aviators must inevitably enjoy happier, freer, richer and more significant lives than shepherds. To date Signor Mussolini's gestures have not provided us with these assurances. And to those who believe, not with Mussolini, that the survival of the fittest is a process to be helped along with a push but—with the English diplomat—that it is a steeple-chase where the shrewd man lets others ride and bets on the favorite, it may be pointed out that Fate, too, sometimes plays tricks. Rare is the racing tout who always has the winner. Rarer still is the tout who is accepted into the best of society. You may have a hundred winners only to find, at the end, that you have no friends about you but winners, that their company is exceedingly dangerous, and that you do not care for it in the least. For, at the end, when you are surrounded by them, you must ask the ultimate question: "They are fit; yes—but fit for what?"

Our wealthy manufacturer-director does not ask that question of himself. His premise is that he owes his servants, his cars, his yacht to his own superior adjustment to his economic environment. A civilization exists which is called the Machine Age. He is able to mold himself to its topography better than nine men out of ten, hence he deserves its richest rewards and the nine men do not; he is fit where they are less fit. So far we have no great quarrel with him. The current, bearing its

stream of food particles, has changed direction and he is making the most of it. But here he falls into an error of which only the most arrogant sea-urchin would be guilty. Not content with stating that he is a luckier or quicker man than the other nine men he says that he is a better man. This is something which does not follow. The truth is simply that, under economic conditions which pay rewards for ignorance, ruthlessness, slyness and meanness, he is more ignorant, more ruthless, slyer and meaner than anybody else.

The business man falls into another error when he maneuvers on the tacit assumption that his age, the Machine Age, was fated, that it grew necessarily out of preceding spirals on a screw of progress, and that it offers the best culture which can be devised. This is nothing more nor less than an assertion that a cold current is better than a warm current and that it comes from God. It does not take into account the possibility that the warm current may return. It does not enquire into the nature of currents at all; whether they are warm, cold, or what. It merely sets forth that any status which is favorable to himself is necessarily the status which is best, though the cove may reek to high Heaven of sewage and crude oil.

The sea-urchin, like the tiger at the other extreme, preys upon the life about it because it must. Existence on the lower levels is a meaningless shambles of birth, struggle and death maddening to consider. So also, for ten thousand years and more, has been the life of man. Any comprehensive outline of history gives us a picture of tribes surging back and forth across the face of the earth century after century killink, plundering and destroying. But we differ from the lower animals in that we possess a conscious instrument of adaptation in our highly specialized brain. If we refuse to grant that it is a prime function of this brain to devise happier circumstances for us, to manipulate, as the expression has it, our history, then at least we can admit that we are making poor use of our intelligence when we fail to take advantage of an improvement in environment that is thrust on us. A vast improvement in our environment is now offered to us; an economy of abundance in which we shall no longer need to rob and snatch and snarl for our meat. In the twentieth century, if we will, we may at last become human beings, we may become fit men in a civilization fit for men. Here, it would seem, is a mutation of value, an adaptation worth making. We need only choose; but we must choose.

And here, let the pseudo-scientists take warning, the law of natural selection is clear. For sea-urchins, for tigers, for men it reads the same. It is choose or die.

IS A JEW DIFFERENT?

STEPHEN SELEY

● BOOKS

IT IS A moot question as to whether or not a book reviewer should be completely objective in his criticism. Many people expect a critic to be dispassionate. Intelligent criticism, however, can rarely be so, for just as it's a wise father that knows, let alone understands, his own child, so is it a wise critic who knows and understands the object of his attack, praise, or analytical comment.

Now I have a very personal feeling about Robert Gessner's*

*SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE JEWS, by Robert Gessner (Farrar and Rinehart) \$3.00

latest book, for the author of "Some of My Best Friends Are Jews" is "different from other Jews." He has often been told that. So have I. He was raised in a typically American-Anglo Saxon environment and some of his best friends were and are gentiles. That has been the case with me. On first contact with the un-Americanized Jew he felt revulsion. So did I. At a late age—too late for a self-respecting pride in one's own intelligence—he became aware of the greatness of our race. It took the German Messiah to arouse within him, as it did within me (and within millions of other Jews) a feeling of race-consciousness.

But every Jew, even if racial-feeling lies dormant within him, knows that he is "different" from most people, and he knows this at an early age. As Gessner says: "I had become psychologically conscious of being a Jew, of coming from a persecuted people. Any Jew, even if born in Alaska, inherits that much."

It took Robert Gessner three years to write this book, and in gathering the material for it he visited England, France, Germany, Poland, Austria, Italy, Palestine, and the Soviet Union. His observations of the Jewish question in England add little to our rapidly accumulating data on the conditions pertaining to the Jew in the world today. He didn't have to go to London to discover that a gentle-voiced philanthropist by the name of Goldberg can afford to support some Jewish charities because he operates sweat-shops in the East End. I personally know some very public-spirited New York Jews who are able to be "generous" because they happen to own blocks of miserable, unsanitary firetraps on the East Side. The same wide hiatus which physically and spiritually separates the ghetto Jew from the middle-class and wealthy Jews in England exists in every "cosmopolis," to borrow the great Jew-lover's, James Huneker's, word for New York.

In Paris the author talked with many a Jewish refugee from Germany. Here is what one of them said to him when asked his political faith:

"Labels mean nothing, but when Hitler booted my rear he opened my eyes. He called all Jews swine and Marxists. The Jews are no more united today than they were before Hitler came to power. I see here in exile rich Jews being favored by the rich Jews who give the philanthropy, and poor Jews treated the same as they were in Germany. I see here Jews talking with the same Teutonic reverence for the Fatherland as they did before the Fatherland 'reverenced' them. I see Jews blaming the Communists as the cause of their expulsion, just as they so complained whenever Hitler blasted against the Jews during an election campaign. No, I see the narrow-mindedness of the bourgeois Jew retained wherever he goes as long as he is a bourgeois Jew. Hitler can kick him in the pants a thousand times a day and it won't open his eyes. He is too much concerned with his money and ideas of nationality. I am more concerned with humanity, whether Jews or not, because it is the mass of people who are suffering at the hands of the few, whether they're Hitlers or anybody else with the power."

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In quoting these words Gessner repeats his own conclusions, for wherever he went—to Germany, to Poland, to Palestine—he saw that the Jew was too much of this world—the capitalist world—to be a true son of Israel.

Though he says "all Germany is a ghetto," the author found that Herr Warburg of Hamburg (related to the Bank of Manhattan Warburgs) "was rewarded with the title 'Honorary Aryan' for his services in behalf of the economic structure of the Third Reich." There are many "Honorary Aryans" in Nazi-land. They had to pay dearly in marks and in self-respect, the latter of which they could never have possessed in great quantity, for this doubtful honor. But to the great masses of Jews condemned to live in Germany today, life is indeed a dark cell of torture.

Mr. Gessner devotes a great deal of space to Poland, and rightly so. He found that the only distinction between anti-semitism in Germany and that in Poland is that it is "official" in the Reich. If anything, anti-semitism is more virulent in the land of Chopin. There the Jew has for centuries been "plowed under," and there the Jew of wealth has exploited his fellows with incredible viciousness.

And he found ghettos in Palestine. Gessner, as did Vincent Sheean, left the Holy Land agreeing with Louis Fischer that "Zionism is speculation (stock-market sense) on anti-semitism." He goes on to ask, "Why should the Zionists assume a monopoly on the Jews' cultural inheritance?" and after leaving the Soviet Union, adds, "—the new Jewish culture in the U. S. S. R. will be Jewish and it will be Soviet, the amalgamation producing an emancipated Jew, the like of whom no man has yet seen."

I must quote once more from this highly exciting, dramatically-written book:

"In America, too, anti-semitism is a hoax used to entrench the status quo, a medieval bogeyman of the controlling class to keep itself in power. Gentiles and Jews alike are its victims. The only way out is the road to a classless society. When the people who do the world's work run the world, we will be moving toward a universal race, in which the natural instincts of men will flow freely like a flood of righteousness."

NOT REALISTIC

INTELLIGENCE IN POLITICS, by Max Ascoli (W. W. Norton and Co.) \$2.50

READING Max Ascoli's book on politics is like watching a typical Hollywood movie: the production is technically excellent, but it does not grapple with reality. The reader is left with a feeling of frustration and dissatisfaction. Mr. Ascoli, who is a professor at the New School for Social Research and an editor of *Foreign Affairs*, seems to be indulging in an intricate piece of rationalization in order to keep himself from life and action. Seldom does he get down to facts; usually the reader has a feeling that the argument is being carried on behind a gauze curtain.

The thesis of the book is that intelligence and politics are incompatible. To Ascoli intelligence means some vague quality common to "intellectuals"; and intellectuals he describes as persons "always in a twilight between the present and the assimilation of the immediate past." Ascoli seems never to have heard of the existence of the intellectual who uses his brain to guide his action; he overlooks men like Marx and Lenin who forged their theories as instruments to action. He sees only the intellectual who is a copier, a reporter, or an academician.

It is this superficial thinking that distinguishes the whole book. Rather than examine the deep forces that are at work in our democracy, that shackle intelligence by perverting education and distorting news, Ascoli prefers to examine the apparatus of politics. As a result, he concludes that the trouble

is with the intellectual who has not adjusted himself to democracy. It seems that Ascoli's analysis at times verges on the edge of insight into the modern dilemma of the writer and artist, yet because of Ascoli's own limitation, his political and social views, he never gives a satisfying interpretation of the dilemma and hence he can offer no adequate solution.

One could pick out at random numerous statements that show Ascoli's insulation from life: he believes, for example, that we are still living in a post-war period, that all existing political regimes have in common the care of the material and spiritual interests of the masses. This from a man who spent many years studying in Fascist Italy! The reader can not but feel that Ascoli is avoiding life, avoiding the real issues of today.

JACK DYETT

A SOVIET SCIENTIST

SKUTAREVSKY, by Leonid Leonov (Harcourt, Brace Co.) \$2.50

LEOONOV has outlived the label of "young and promising" that had threatened to dog him for life. He is still young, but his achievements are beyond mere promise. This is the fourth of his novels to appear in English (previously: "The Badgers," "The Thief," "Soviet River"), and the reader can judge of his constant growth by way of comparison. Leonov has definitely mastered both his medium and subject-matter. His stylistic mannerism, and his aloofness from the present, have apparently been discarded: in the last two novels he portrays contemporary reality in a lucid and pungent prose.

It is only natural that "Skutarevsky" has been dramatized and successfully produced on the Soviet stage. The story is intensely dramatic, packed with incident and conflict, and vitally up to date. Skutarevsky, a pre-revolutionary scientist of note, goes through the pain of adjustment to the new order. Once across the Rubicon, he feels rejuvenated, winged. The new life proves so absorbing and stimulating for the man and the scientist that the elderly Skutarevsky has no difficulty in sloughing off such encumbrances as a smugly philistine wife, a cad of a son who belongs to a group of "wreckers," and above all, he frees himself from a host of personal prejudices and acquired traditions which lazy reasoning often daubs as "human nature." He finds comfort and encouragement in the attitude of the Party and the Government: his revolutionary experiments in physics are allowed free scope. He is warmed by the confidence shown in him, and is spurred by the limitless possibilities opened up in a country where instead of curtailing production and research they expand them.

Leonov has kept his Dostoyevskyan interest in the individual, but he has managed to bridge the chasm between the individual and society.

ALEXANDER KAUN

COMING!

MOVERS AND SHAKERS

by Mabel Dodge Luhan

Reviewed by Dorothy Parker

LIFE OF GEORGE MOORE

by Joseph Hone

Reviewed by Una Jeffers

SHORTER NOTICES

GALLANT DUST, by Ronald Currie Lee (Penn Publishing Co.) \$2.00

IF IT'S an ill wind that blows no good, the literary wind that blew "Gallant Dust" was just that.

Ronald Currie Lee tries gallantly enough to stir up the Virginia countryside's thin soil. His is the old, old story of a small community of clashing temperaments. It concerns chiefly one Larry Ball, of proud ancestry, who weds Gaya, a gossip-encircled woman of doubtful origin. You guessed it—There's ill talk about Gaya, and the devoted husband goes hunting. Bang!

RALSTON FLOYD

THE TALLONS, by William March (Random House) \$2.50

WHEN one has said that in "The Tallons" William March has written an interesting and apparently accurate story of a family in rural Alabama—there is very little more than can honestly be added. In his first novel, "Company K," March gave us a good story. He gave us something to think about. The same cannot be said of "The Tallons."

The story itself is the rather drab picture of two farm boys, Andrew and Jim Tallon, who fall for the same girl in pretty much the same old way.

They wade through a very common place triangular problem which meanders along until the foot of page 350 and then as though the author suddenly realized the subject would not stand much more space, he abruptly terminates it in two rather startling sentences.

LESLIE T. WHITE

CORRESPONDENCE

"Pacific Weekly"

Carmel, California

Something tells me that I spoke of Salengro as Minister of Labor—should have said "Minister of Interior"—he naturally had much to do with labor situations. If it is not too late—please make the correction—otherwise it is not serious.

These last days there has been further agitation around "Gringoire," the journal generally considered the most culpable among the anti-Popular Front publications. "Gringoire" went to press in another establishment but when 20,000 copies were loaded in a truck for distribution workers seized the machine, drove it to the Seine and dumped the papers in the river. Later, part of the edition reached certain newsstands. But the fight goes on—Parliament is now engaged with enactment of new libel and slander laws—also new law forcing all newspapers to become limited liability companies with required publication of balance sheets.

Sincerely,

Bertha Knisely

Paris, November 30, 1936

RELATIONS OF UNIONS AND EMPLOYERS

Olivet Presbyterian Church
San Francisco, California

"Pacific Weekly"

Gentlemen,

When a group of San Francisco pastors recently issued a call to the churches for prayer for the immediate settlement of the waterfront strike, your editorial columns interpreted the effort as "strike-breaking" in intent. However, the purpose was entirely non-partisan, and as we study the history of relations between unions and employers up to the present moment, including the mass meeting in the civic auditorium and the thus far progressive conferences of Lundberg and Plant, we still feel that all the public pressure has contributed to the avowed objective of the unions, direct negotiation of all differences.

This was the hope of the pastors' group, which composes the Social Service Commission of the San Francisco Church Federation, in urging a simultaneous public appeal for maritime settlement, from Bay area pulpits Sunday November 29. Even the "Chronicle," as well as the "News," has clearly directed the force of this public pressure for settlement rather upon the employers than upon the unions, and toward negotiation rather than compulsory arbitration.

We do not even claim that either the psychology of our effort or its ethics, as we interpret them, are clearly understood or supported by any considerable section of the pastors or constituency of the churches. We are, however, gratified to know that officers of the unions regard our participation as not unfriendly, and as contributing to renewal of effective negotiations, together with other similar efforts.

We may not be sufficiently militant for industrial justice, from your point of view, but at least we are certainly not indifferent, and we would like to be encouraged, if you think our feeble gestures indicate some stirring of the dry bones.

Cordially,

Rev. Herrick J. Lane

San Francisco, California
December 14, 1936

Editors "Pacific Weekly"
Gentlemen:

In my article entitled "Ship Owners Sit Down" which appeared in the "Pacific Weekly" for December 14th, I made certain comments which were both incorrect and unfair to the San Francisco "News."

I stated that the "News" Plan to settle the maritime strike called for the establishment of Port Committees and for the determination of the matter of penalties against workers who violated the agreements, as well.

The "News" Plan, however, has only called for the setting up of Port Committees to determine the matters in dispute between workers and employers. The matter of penalties does not enter into the "News" Plan for settling the strike. However, at the time that I wrote my article the "News" had printed an editorial which contained certain statements on the matter of penalties and urged that these statements on the matter of penalties and urged that these be considered as well as the matter of Port Committees. This reference to penalties appeared in the "News" editorial through misapprehension on the part of one of the "News" reporters. In an editorial the day following it was pointed out that the matter of penalties did not enter into the "News" Plan for settlement, and since that time the "News" has made no reference to penalties.

The San Francisco "News" has been both fair and friendly toward labor in the current maritime strike, and it was with no intention of doing that paper an injustice that the comments I made were included in my article. What I stated was apparently true at the time I wrote my article, but in the light of later facts the statements I made about the "News" were erroneous.

I apologize to the San Francisco "News," and assure that paper that I had no intention of doing it an injustice.

Very truly yours,

Robert Holmes

Berkeley, California
December 12, 1936

"Pacific Weekly"
Gentlemen:

Do you know anything about a certain book entitled "Mankind United" which is published by The International Registration Bureau, no address given, and which apparently has branches all over the world to spread the information it contains?

Is the purported threat of the enslavement of mankind by the vicious plans of the money barons of the world based on fact, and is the program outlined therein to liberate humanity from the clutch of these devils meritorious?

Or, is this book just a clever trick to trap the unsuspecting into the snare of the Fascists; or, again is it just another racket?

Many of my friends are deeply concerned over the asserted plan of the "Hidden Rulers" of the world to destroy civilization and all Christian Religions in order to satisfy their fiendish greed for possession and power. To read this book almost terrifies one with the claims of its sponsors, who, it is asserted, are in possession of the plans of these "swine" to deal humanity a staggering, enslaving blow during the coming year.

What does it all mean? Please answer, using the enclosed self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply.

Very truly yours,

A. R. Moreton

P. S. I am a subscriber for the "Pacific Weekly" and enjoy it very much indeed.
A. R. M.

GROUPS IN ACTION

NEW FRIENDS OF LABOR

In answer to questions concerning the nature of the relatively newborn group called the Simon Lubin Society, herewith the Society's own statement of its aims and nature:

"To demand the enforcement of existing legislation and the passage of further legislation designed to protect and improve the housing, sanitation, medical, educational, working and living conditions of agricultural labor.

"To help agricultural wage earners help themselves by offering financial assistance in the formation of unions in accordance with the policies of the American Federation of Labor.

"To work for effective prohibition of child labor in fields, canneries and packing houses, and the enforcement of present laws providing for the education of children of migratory families.

"To assemble, co-ordinate and disseminate information and statistics relating to problems of agriculture and agricultural labor.

"To strive to educate public opinion to an understanding of the problems of the working farmer and the condition of agricultural laborers, and their need for organization.

"Membership in the Society is open to any and all who are genuinely interested in the purposes of the Society. The annual dues range from one to thirty-six dollars a year.

"An office is maintained at room 347 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California. Telephone number is: GARfield 4735."

NEWSPAPER GUILD SUCCESS

From the "Pacific Reporter," official organ of the Northern California Newspaper Guild comes the following good news:

"For the first time in history, every working newspaper man or woman in the Bay Region is guaranteed a decent living wage, minimum pay graduated with his experience, and a 5-day, 40-hour week, as a result of Guild negotiations.

All Guild-organized papers in the Bay Region are operating under Guild conditions. And the one paper which has not recognized the Guild formally, has tacitly acknowledged the effects of Guild collective bargaining—the Oakland "Tribune" management informed its staff the same wages and hours would prevail on that paper as the Guild has negotiated on the other afternoon papers. The past three successive issues of the "Pacific Reporter" have announced agreements with the "News," the "Chronicle" and the "Examiner."

Since the last issue, the "Post-Enquirer" and the "Call Bulletin" have recognized the Guild, and posted agreements establishing the 5-day, 40-hour week, and minimum wage scale as first established on the "News."

Thus, the Guild has fixed identical minimum wage scales for all afternoon papers, and a slightly higher, identical scale for the two morning papers.

The "Examiner" agreement announced last issue covered only wages, hours, overtime and recognition, with the understanding other points would subsequently be settled satisfactorily to the Guild."

STATUE AND STATUTE

Our famous Statue of Liberty is supposed to give a welcome to all foreigners entering New York Harbor. Some groups of liberty-lovers in this country are now trying to make Miss Liberty's words come true:

"A campaign to gain the introduction of legislation in the 75th Congress for the protection of non citizens resident in the United States was announced here today by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born.

"The Committee announces that it will campaign for the passage of legislation to re-establish the right of asylum in the United States for political and religious refugees; to amend the naturalization laws by reducing the fees, moderating educational requirements and abolishing discrimination on the ground of race, political opinion, and pacifist convictions; and to prevent the destruction of families by deportation."

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THEY TELL ME . . .

FROM TWO INTERESTING sources come news of the books certain people read. At Tehachapi two favorite novels are Leane Zugsmith's "A Time to Remember" and Clara Weatherwax's "Marching! Marching!" The Zugsmith book is also a favorite at the migratory workers' camp at Arvin; here the more popular Zane Greys and Peter B. Kynes are also read but the favorites are what is known as "good books." Mr. Adamic, please copy.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS has gone to New York where he is putting the finishing touches on his book "Twenty Years of the Soviets." He has seen so many Californians in New York that you'd hardly know the difference between East and West, he writes.

JOHN STEINBECK has started a new novel which, we would not be surprised to learn, might be about the people he has shown so much interest in lately, the migratory workers. His excellent articles in the San Francisco "News" are being published as a separate pamphlet by the Simon J. Lubin society of California.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER announce for publication on December 26th, "Hitler Over Russia" by Ernst Henri, author of "Hitler Over Europe," published here in 1934. "The first part of the book deals with the events of June 30th, 1934, revealing a wealth of information never before disclosed to the English-reading public," write the publishers, "Henri makes clear the inevitability of the murder of Roehm and his associates, necessary, in his view, in order to release the imperialist phase of German fascism. The second part of the book deals with consequences of this release. He not merely prophesies but lays down the iron laws of the coming Nazi holy 'Crusade' against Soviet Russia. He explains how and when Vienna will fall; describes the erection which is now going on of the 'South-East European Fascist League' and the 'North East European Fascist League'; and offers a detailed explanation of the new version of the old 'Hoffman Plan' for the invasion of Russia. Henri believes that the Nazis, together with all their allies, cannot beat the Soviet Union. He gives his reasons, not in the form of propaganda, but in the form of bare facts, statistics, and strategical and tactical analyses.

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY announce a \$2500 prize novelette contest for manuscripts between 15,000 and 35,000 words in length to be submitted before January 1st 1937. The judges will be Bernard de Voto, James Hilton, and Alfred R. McIntyre, president of Little, Brown and Co. And Houghton Mifflin repeat the offer of their literary fellowships for 1937, value \$1000, manuscripts to be in by April 1st. Further information can be had from the publishers.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, Harry Scherman, president of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Lewis Gannett will act as judges in a nationwide contest under the auspices of Story Magazine for the best piece of prose writing by an author who has at any time been engaged on the WPA Writers' Project.

A \$500 award and a \$100 award, exclusive of any possible book royalties, will be made for the winning manuscripts, which may be either fiction or non-fiction, and of any length. The contest will close September 1, 1937.

JOHN HERMAN, Scribners prize winner with his novel, "The Big Short Trip," and contributor to Transition, This-Quarter and The American Caravan, makes reproductions of early American furniture. Writes Carolyn Marx: "He's particularly proud of not using nails, and carries the thing to the extreme of using tools used by early Americans of two centuries ago. He has built things for Maxim Lieber, S. J. Perelman and Nathanael West, among others."

He writes three hours every morning and works the rest of the day with his hands.

WHAT-NOTS: George Seldes sailed for Europe Saturday on the Pennland. He is going to write a series of articles on conditions in Europe for Harper's Magazine . . . A recent dispatch from London reported the discovery of thirty-one previously unknown letters from Fanny Brawne to John Keats' sister, which seems to prove that many of the Keats' biographers have been wrong and that Miss Brawne did appreciate his poetic talents . . . Eugene Jolas and James Johnson Sweeney, editors of Transition, have just received from Paris a 7,000-word manuscript of a new fragment from James Joyce's "Work in Progress," which will be published in the Winter issue now in preparation. This will be the 17th fragment of the new Joyce work to be published in Transition and will be the last segment to appear in any magazine before the publication of the complete work which is scheduled for early in 1937.

ELLA WINTER